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# B-I-F

A PARODY

By GEORGE H BUCHANAN

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1911

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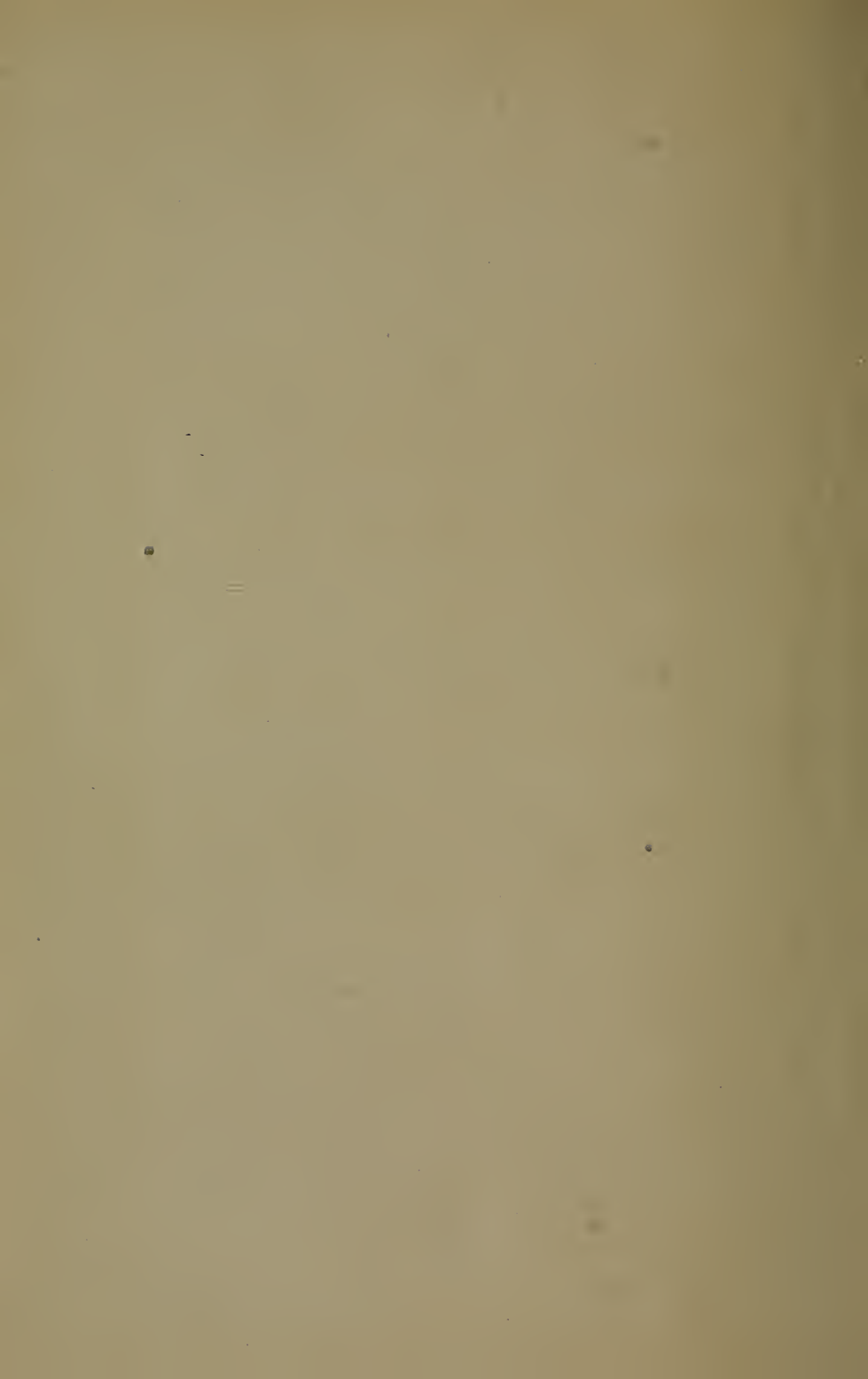
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If you can keep your hair  
upon your head

While other men you know  
are losing theirs,

If you can trust to credit  
for your bread

And leave that knowledge  
safely to your heirs;





If you can stop the wild  
beats of your heart

When next you gaze upon  
a pretty face,

And say "be still," and play  
a Spartan part—

Why, you're a wonder of  
the human race.



If you can eat Welsh rare-  
bit late at night

And not have lurid visions  
in your dreams,

If you can poker play 'till  
morning light

And not make inroads on  
your slender means;



If you can smoke, and drink  
all kinds of drink

From champagne cup to  
Pilsner beer in stein,

And steady keep, nor care  
what friends may think—

You're in a class all by  
yourself—not mine.



If you can make the world  
believe you're pious,  
While inwardly you're  
wicked as "Old Sam,"  
If you can daily lie like  
Ananias  
And never lose the faith of  
any man ;





If you can graft, and keep  
the secret hidden,  
And stow the filthy lucre  
in your bank,  
Then turn upon your tools  
when you are bidden—  
You'll make a politician of  
highest rank.



If you can go through life  
without an aim

And shirk the work God  
gives all men to do,

If you can tread the paths  
of sin and shame

And think you'll never have  
to pay your due;



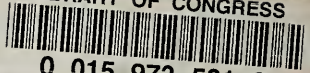
If you can cheat, and fill  
each golden minute  
With deeds of vice instead  
of honors won,  
Yours is the Earth—at least  
that part of it  
On which the county jail  
is built—my son!

JUL 21 1911

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